Cer. What ere it be, tis wondrous heauy;
Wrench it open straight:
If the seas stomacke be ore-charg'd with gold,
Tis a good constraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.
2. *Gent.* Tis so, my Lord.
Cer. How close tis caulkt and bottomd, did the sea cast it vp?
Ser. I neuer saw so huge a billow sir, as tost it vpon shore.
Cer. Wrench it open; it smels most sweetly in my sence.
2. *Gent.* A delicate Odour.
Cer. As euer hit my nostrill: so, vp with it.
Oh you most potent Gods! what's heere, a Coarse?
2. *Gen.* Most strange.
Cer. Shrowded in cloth of state, balmd and entreasured
With full bags of spices, a Pasport to *Apollo*,
Perfect me in the Characters.

Heere I giue to vnderstand,
If ere this Coffin driue a land;
I King Pericles haue lost
This Queene, worth all our mundaine cost:
Who finds her, giue her burying,
She was the daughter of a King.
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The Gods requite his charitie.

If thou liuest *Pericles*, thou hast a heart
That euen crackes for woe this chanc'd to night.
2. *Gent.* Most likely sir.
Cer. Nay certainly to night, for looke how fresh she lookes,
They were too rough, that threw her in the sea.
Make a fire within, fetch hether all my boxes in my Closet,
Death may vsurpe on Nature many houres,
And yet the fire of life kindle againe the ore-prest spirits.
I heard of an Egyptian that had nine houres bene dead,
Who was by good appliance recouered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well said, well said, the fire and cloathes,

The rough and wofull musicke that we haue,
Cause it to sound I beseech you:
The Viall once more; how thou stirrest thou blocke?
The musicke there: I pray you giue her ayre;
Gentlemen, this Queene will liue,
Nature awakes a warme breath out of her;
She hath not bene entranc'st aboue fiue houres,
See how she gins to blow into lifes flower againe.
1. *Gen.* The heauens through you, encrease our wonder,
And sets vp your fame for euer.
Cer. She is aliue, behold her eye-lids,
Cases to those heauenly iewels which *Pericles* hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
The Diamonds of a most praised water doth appeare,
To make the world twice rich, liue, and make vs weepe,
To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you seeme to be.

She moues.

Thai. O deare *Diana*, where am I? where's my Lord?
What world is this?
2. *Gent.* Is not this strange?
1. *Gent.* Most rare.
Cer. Hush (my gentle neighbour) lend me your hands,
To the next chamber beare her, get linnen;
Now this matter must be lookt too, for the relapse
Is mortall: come, come, and *Esculapius* guide vs.

They carrie her away. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Pericles at Tharsus, with Cleon and Dionizia.

Per. Most honourd *Cleon*, I must needs be gone,
My twelue months are expirde, and *Tyre* stands
In a peace: you and your Lady take from my heart
All thankfulnesse, The Gods make vp the rest vpon you.
Cleon. Your shakes of fortune, though they haunt you
Mortally, yet glance full wondringly on vs.
Dion. O your sweete Queene! that the strict fates had ple
You had brought her hither to haue blest mine eies with he
Per. We cannot but obey the powers aboue vs;